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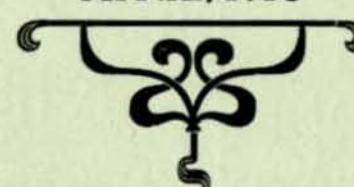
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**H. H. CHERRY, President,**  
BOWLING GREEN, KY.

# THE ELEVATOR

*"Going Up?"*

APRIL, 1910



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# THE ELEVATOR

"GOING UP?"

VOL. I.

BOWLING GREEN, KY., APRIL, 1910.

No. 6

## VANDERBILT'S EDUCATIONAL AT- MOSPHERE.

The purpose of an article from Vanderbilt by a Normal alumnus is that the writer may in a very brief way give the readers of THE ELEVATOR a more or less perfect conception of what Vanderbilt University means as an educational force in the South.

The material from which this institution must mould her educational dynamos may at present be defined as cosmopolitan. The South and West, composing the great bulk of the school, with a number of Northern and Eastern students; tastes and culture ranging from a degree of leisure aristocracy to the plodding student who "works his way through school;" previous vocations being corporation work, banking, teaching, farming, "loafing," and many others—all of these means and extremes are found in the student material of Vanderbilt. In the main they are fellows with big purposes.

The various methods used in the training of these men are not unlike those with which the reader is acquainted in other institutions, and a seventy-six-acre campus tastefully laid out in drives and walks, ornamented with flower plants and about one hundred and fifty varieties of shade trees, and lighted at night by electricity, one might think the matter of education would be a mere process of absorption. This is far from the case. The freshman academic student is given about six weeks to get his working clothes on; the medical about three weeks; the theological student various times, owing to how long it takes to get out of his system the super-abundance of prayer usually found, so he can take on a reasonable amount of work; and a law student one day and a half. The honor system is rigidly enforced with splendid results. Forensic work is the rule rather than the exception, there being numerous occasions for inter-society and inter-collegiate honors. The law and medical courses are made more practical by moot court work and medical experimental practice respectively. The graduate work is gradually increasing. Requirements are high in all departments.

It is needless to say that even with this student material and these up-to-date methods of instruction the standard of Vanderbilt University must be in the main determined by the teaching force. Each department has a faculty second to none in the South. Native talent, Ph. D. graduates from Harvard, Columbia and Yale, and many professors who have had European training are all found in the teaching force. For the most part the instructors are social, democratic, and recognize the true mission of the teacher, viz., to help the student and not to strive chiefly to augment his own name and fame and to strew his own pretended strong personality promiscuously over the buildings and campus of the university.

One is not surprised when from such a varied student body he is informed that by so skillfully an application of Vanderbilt's educational weeding hoe how many tares are rooted up, not, however, rooting up the wheat, but leaving larger room and greater facilities for its growth and development. The tares are found to be boys in their teens who are too immature to brush aside the temptations of college life; who do not seem to have had a clear vision of their future selves; and who seem to prefer to be made into any shape or character by the will of others rather than to help to make college sentiment themselves. But out of the better college material this institution sends about three hundred graduates yearly from the college, theological, law, and medical departments. From this yearly output, scattered chiefly over the South and West, Vanderbilt will always be judged as a great institution. Why not? These mould a wholesome college sentiment while here; they will preserve and reflect the university's greatness in their professions.

I close, thanking the editor for this opportunity of appearing in the columns of THE ELEVATOR, and wishing the W. K. S. N. S. the greatest success in the great cause of Education in Kentucky.

O. S. GUY.

Nashville, Tenn.



## THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA.

The University of Georgia is the oldest and yet one of the youngest of our state universities. It is the oldest in that it was established in 1785; it is one of the youngest in that its real growth has only begun in the last few years. And, in the opinion of many, it is only a course of a few years when Georgia will be second to no school in the South.

Since its establishment, one department after another has been added until it now comprises several schools. The university proper is located at Athens, an ideal little city for a college. Here we have the A. B. and B. S. departments, the Law School, the School of Pharmacy, and the State College of Agriculture. The branches of the university are: The Georgia School of Technology, at Atlanta; the Medical College, at Augusta; the Industrial College, at Milledgeville; the North Georgia Agricultural College, at Dahlonega, and the Normal School, at Athens. The latest addition was the State College of Agriculture, at Athens, with branch colleges in each of the eleven congressional districts. This shows what rapid strides the State of Georgia is making along agricultural lines.

With these various departments, all well equipped, with a faculty second to none in the South, it is no wonder that Georgia has turned out such men as Henry W. Grady, Bob Toombs, John Temple Graves, and various other prominent men who have dominated the political affairs of the South.

The great success of the University of Georgia has depended, and still depends largely upon the loyalty and college spirit of its students, who have, at all times, had great influence in the State legislature. College spirit is the life of any school; with it, a school will live; without it, a school is dead. The greatest incentive to college spirit is athletics. It is true that college athletics has its unfavorable aspects, but there are so many points in its favor that every great college in the United States has an athletic department. The man who opposes college athletics ought to see one good, close game of baseball at the University of Georgia, and see the enthusiasm not only of the students, but of the faculty also. Let three men get on bases and no one out. Then the college band strikes up "Glory to Old Georgia," the boys begin to yell, the players receive new strength, the opposing team cannot withstand such enthusiasm, and another victory is added to the Red and Black. Say what you will, athletics

goes hand in hand with college spirit and college spirit makes the school. Let us hope to see the time when the old S. N. S. will turn out teams that will rank it with the other schools in Kentucky in athletics as well as in other lines.

The University of Georgia, however, does not depend for its greatness upon its athletics, but upon the influence of its graduates. From the various departments, men go out into every profession and, as a rule, the graduates of Georgia hold their own wherever they go. Why is this? It is because no man graduates from here simply on the influence and reputation of his father, but because he is found guilty of hard work. And the jury is composed of the professors, who can be moved by nothing except good recitations and creditable examinations. And when a man graduates from the University of Georgia, let no one doubt that he deserves his diploma.

Contrary to what is found in many universities, one does not find here aristocracy among the students. The man looked up to by the students is not the governor's son, or some other big man's son, but the man who has brains and puts them to use. He is the man who holds the offices of honor and who wins places on debates. And in debating, Georgia has a great reputation. It has been the custom for several years for Georgia to hold an annual debate with University of North Carolina and Vanderbilt. Georgia always wins her share of honors in these debates, last year having won from both of these universities.

I have already taken up enough space, but let me say in conclusion, that with such prominent alumni behind her, with an unsurpassed faculty, and with great college spirit among the students, it can be safely said that Georgia is the coming university of the South.

P. M. DAVIS.

Athens, Ga.

## MEMOIRS OF AN OLD TIMER.

(Continued from Last Month.)

Strategy was a common quality among the Congressmen, and one of its most common uses was in securing the floor. It was considered a strategic victory whenever a speaker on either side of a question, through tactics previously planned, relinquished his position on the floor in favor of one of his cohorts. In this connection, I remember an incident that was quite amusing. Some

twenty-five of the students had met in a caucus to formulate plans by which to secure the passage of a certain bill. It was generally agreed that Vernon Powell should champion the bill, and of course make the first speech in its favor. To have his speech succeeded by another of the same persuasion, was the end toward which they pondered. One suggested that a certain gesture be adopted, which when used by Powell, would at once be a signal for his completion and his successor's call for recognition. "But," spoke up one, "there isn't a gesture under the sun that Powell doesn't use every second he is speaking." This was both true and convincing. So it was finally determined that the signal should be the leaving off of all gestures whatsoever. The plan failed, inasmuch as Powell's speech was delivered before his supply of gestures was exhausted.

J. M. Blankenship, of Tennessee, was a unique figure in the parliamentary contests of those days. Great of stature, and with a voice of fog horn proportions, he would have attracted attention in any assembly—and then the things he said were always striking. Once, there was some sort of a Negro Bill before the house and Blankenship was opposing it. "Mr. President," he thundered, "it is an incontrovertible fact that every backlog which has been used in the South for years has been the body of a live negro." On another occasion, two of the opponents were rude enough to hiss him while he was speaking, at least they attempted to, but Blankenship put a sharp quietus on their intentions; pointing his finger directly at them, he delivered a brief address which was much less parliamentary than forcible. He wasn't hissed any more, either.

President H. H. Cherry made Congress; it was the work of his mind and his hands, and had any one else wielded the gavel, it could not have attained the proportions it reached in the affairs of the school or in the hearts of the students. His rulings, while thoroughly parliamentary, were even more. The wisely sympathetic nature of the man lent a dignity, an effectiveness that were adherence to some Rules of Procedure could not have given. Only once was his right to the speakership questioned. A session was being organized. When it came time to elect the speaker, Mr. Cherry was promptly nominated. "Are there any other nominations?" asked the presiding officer from force of habit. "Mr. Chairman," sang out H. W. Puckett, "I wish to place in nomination the name of a gentleman whose fame extends, etc., etc." After employing all the ecumenisms of praise he

knew, he finished by nominating the most conceited, self-important youth that ever entered the Normal. The nomination in itself was a rebuke, pure and simple; but though he only received a vote or two, he has doubtless ever since regarded his nomination as a tribute to his overwhelming greatness.

The advent of new teachers was always a period—seven days more or less—of wonder at the Normal. The newly-eleet would come to chapel some mornings, make a few felicitous remarks, and then sit back and size us up, meanwhile we would do a little sizing up ourselves. The first time Col. Williams ever appeared in Vannmeter Hall was in the spring or early summer of 1905. We didn't know that he was going to be annexed to the faculty until later, so he wasn't as thoroughly inspected as he would have been otherwise. He made a short speech, of which I regret to say that I do not remember a word. However, the Colonel unconsciously succeeded in making a direct impression upon me that day. I happened to be at the depot, when he came to take the train back to Florida (He didn't begin work at the Normal until the following September). Down the platform he came with that peculiar, swinging walk, looking neither to the right nor to the left. I did not fall in love with the Colonel then. I dare say no one ever did at the first sight, or ever failed to at some succeeding sight. When Prof. Roman was first introduced to the student body, he arose, advanced to the extreme edge of the platform, thrust his right hand under the lapel of his coat, and—bowed. Not a word of Woman's Suffrage; not a thing to suggest the reformatory eruptions that were to follow. Prof. Roman was an enthusiastic teacher, and untiring in his efforts in behalf of his students. The pupils he taught at the Normal will ever be deeply interested in his welfare.

The writer has had much pleasure in writing these reminiscences, which are but a few culled from a multitude of others. If they have brought glad memories to any other "Old Timer," then his labor is amply repaid, and some day another series may be contributed.

Miss Mary Stowers will leave at an early date to accept a position in the graded school at Greensburg, Ky. Miss Stowers is a splendid student and teacher, and we feel sure of her success. She will take the place of Miss Mollie Milner, who will resume her studies in the Normal at the beginning of the term.



## THE LIFE CLASS.

## WORK TO BE ACCOMPLISHED AND DEVICES.

## I. Work to be accomplished:

The mastery of the Life Class as to the four distinct stages of its development.

## 1. Freshman—

a. Nomen: The name for this stage of development was undoubtedly suggested by the creature's verdant appearance.

b. Time of appearance: About the first of September there came trooping, from all directions, a motley host, in to Vanmeter Hall. The fact about the exact dates are like this: some came four years back; some came since then and some long before, in the days when Prof. Green used one globe, as to:

1. Paper weight.
2. Book mark.
3. Plaything while hearing class.

## c. Origin: As to

1. Lord knows where.
2. Pumpkin Ridge.
3. Some hailed from the frozen north, others left fond expectant parents in some southern home; some had the temerity to brave the unknown perils of the stage route that they might reach a center of learning where their ability would be recognized.

## d. Appearance:

1. General: At first sight, Dean Kinnaman thought of Coxie's Army, then of John Brown's Raid, but finally he settled into the conviction that it was the embryonic Life Class of 1910.

## 2. Particular Appearance: As to:

1. Height: They vary from four to six feet.
2. Color: From a sickly white to a sunburnt brown.
3. Age: From sixteen to sixty.

## e. Ability:

1. Some came loaded with

honors that High Schools had bestowed.

2. One came direct from the Military Academy with all the uprightness as only an institution of that kind can bestow, as to:

1. Hair: erect and curly.
2. Necktie: right about and face, straight.

3. Others with fear and trembling brought credentials from a little log school house located in regions not located on any map.

## f. Duties: As to:

1. Student: Get through if he can.

## 2. Professors:

The first year is of vital importance, for can "Freshie" be kept alive and acclimated during this period, the rest of the work grows easier. Some perish when the first cold weather strikes. Many fall by the way when the first "exams" come. Countless more are unable to stand the first warm days of spring. The faculty appreciating the difficulties mentioned, have established a common feeding house, where this delicate creature may be given proper nourishment both for the body and for the mind. The menu settled upon after due deliberation and years of experience consists as to:

1. Prunes.
2. Dormitory Hash [a mixture of  $A_2$ ,  $B_{16}$ ,  $C_{27}$ ,  $XO_7$ ]
3. Dough balls slightly warmed.

## II. Sophomore—

Should "Freshie" succeed in surviving the hardships of the first year, his second stage of development is termed Sophomore, as to:

1. Name: The new appellation is a word compounded of *sophos*, wise, and *moros*, fool. This name is applied at this period because now the creatures show the first real signs of intelligence, a slight degree of humbleness, intermingled, however, with

countless foolish acts.

2. Development: They become very much alarmed concerning their physique and begin to exercise their muscles at the expense of brain development.

Under the experienced coach, Miss Reed, the girls engage in basket ball. When the spring is ushered in the boys forsake the companionship of their books and spend their time playing base ball. The sport, while not developed to an alarming extent as yet, is being seriously planned by the Faculty, because of its usefulness, as to:

1. Abstracting somewhat from mental gymnasium.
2. Bringing head and body more nearly into proportionate size.

III. Junior: Within this period the Junior becomes intensely interested in hot air. He browses among books on elocution. He takes Reading II. under Col. Guilliams. He memorizes the same teachers' copious outlines on facial expression and gestures, making the life of his roommate miserable by constant declamation. To tide over this violent stage, the Normal has provided that there must be a safety valve as to:

1. Four walls.
2. Strongly built so as to deaden sound ere it reach the outer world.
3. Within this safety valve, namely, Vanmeter Hall, at the close of the mid-winter term, the most violent are gathered where they can enjoy mutual fellowship, each appreciating the other's words, tones and facial expression. When the most violent stage is passed, there is still a second precaution, as to Athens, Ohio, where an excess of hot air may escape without danger.

IV. Seniors: How the creature of ordinary common clay by some inexplicable process emer-

ges into a garrulous biped termed Senior, can not be explained by any possible process of metamorphosis. But, whatever the how, that irresponsible, irrepressible, loquacious being at length steps forth a Senior, the miracle of the Normal.

## V. Order of Devices: The use of following maxims:

1. Every wise student worketh his teacher, but the foolish one getteth his lesson.

2. He that is steadfast in cramming shall obtain a pass.

3. When thy teacher joketh, laugh, lest thou fail in the dread examination.

4. The wise man who boardeth at the Dormitory eateth his pie first, but the foolish one waiteth to eat it for desert and goeth without.

5. Exams: Terrible inquisitions inflicted on students for past sins.

6. Library: A place for developing that tired feeling.

Chisel in hand stood the sculptor with his marble block before him, awaiting the hour when at God's command his life dream should pass o'er him, when lo, as if by a divine inspiration there came to him to carve the Life Class of 1910.

Forty-seven strokes proceeded them as follows:

1. C. T. Cannon: None knew him but to love him.
2. H. M. Pyles: Made in Germany.
3. Caldwell: And maidens call it love in idle-ness.
4. Ezra Baucum: We may live without wisdom, beauty or wit.
5. Boatright: Let the dead past bury its dead.
6. Hollaway: A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing.
7. E. Y. Allen: For man is a giddy thing and this is my conclusion.
8. Bunch: Don't let your studies interfere with your education.
9. Harbout: Man wants but little here be low.
10. Guffey: A man born in the objective case.
11. Miller: I pray thee, gentle nurse, sing again.
12. Martin: Ought to be a preacher.
13. J. B. Johns: Great Hot Air machine.
14. Hinton: Innocent abroad.
15. Chester Turner: Hunger, hard work



- and social care have left their touch upon him.
16. Mr. J. D. Spears: And still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew.
  17. B. Spears: The noblest work of God.
  18. W. S. Taylor: And as he passed, he smiled.
  19. Annie Chatan: The invisible choir.
  20. Marie Gore: Just enough of knowledge to misquote.
  21. Miss Depp: Here is a dear, true, industrious girl.
  22. Miss Palmore: What hath God wrought.
  23. Miss Field: Her eyes are wells of light.
  24. Miss Shugart: Much ado about nothing.
  25. Miss Duncan: She hath a stern look, but a gentle heart.
  26. Miss Thomas: A rarer spirit never did steer humanity.
  27. Miss Tandy: She is young and of modest nature.
  28. Miss Goodwin: They never taste who always drink, they always talk who never think.
  29. Miss Drake: Two heads are better than one.
  30. Mildred Smith: With a smile that glowed, celestial, rosy, red; loves proper hue.
  31. Miss Ray: Her voice was ever gentle, soft and low.
  32. Miss Wheeler: Sweet—grave—aspect.
  33. Miss Dunn: Her manner has that sweet repose.
  34. Miss Shehan: She is a woman, therefore to be wooed.
  35. Miss Gardner: What will woman, gentle woman dare, when strong affections stir her up.
  36. Mr. Crabb: Oh! how this discord doth afflict my soul.
  37. Miss Kimball: Rose in bloom.
  38. Miss Bailey: Think of me as you please.
  39. Miss Beeler: I have no other, but a woman's reason. I think him so because I think I think him so.
  40. Miss Virginia Campbell: No girls act, but she judges herself.
  41. Miss Hopkins: Even the light hare-bell raised its head, so elastic is her airy tread.
  42. Miss Anna Campbell: She is so good, so blessed a disposition.
  43. Mr. Guill: Everybody, but he needs instruction.

44. Miss Peterson: One of the Parisian Belles.
45. Miss Chambers: Get fun out of everything.
46. Miss Lorraine Cole: And she's the good-est girl you ever saw.
47. Miss Ruth Alexander: Our mutual friend.

The most important of all is

- I. Commencement day,  
A merry old day,  
A merry old day it is,  
It calls for a hat  
It calls for a gown  
It calls for some gloves that fit.  
It calls for some brains,  
It calls for some grades,  
It calls for some exams., doesn't it?
- II. Necessary qualifications are enumerated by Dean Kinnaman, applying only to men, as follows:  
Breathes there a man with heart so cold,  
who never to his best girl hath said,  
This is my own, my precious love; whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, as to her home his footsteps he hath turned,  
Eager to display his leadership in quest of his true treasure trove.  
If such there breathes, go mark him well,  
For him no raptures over a Life.  
Certificate shall swell,  
Great though his loyalty, proud though his name,  
In cleanliness, pure as the sweetest lily that wish could claim,  
Despite those titles, tolerance and physical poise,  
He shall forfeit all renown, and dying shall go down with a great noise, to the vile dust, from whence he sprung, un-honored and unsung.

III. Our final destination:

The little red schoolhouses.

NELLIE A. SMITH.

### ECHOES FROM THE DIAMOND.

The base ball interests of the U. K. S. N. S. are being given quite a deal of attention at this season; and well may those interested give their consideration, for only a look indicates a splendid array of talent to be displayed on the field. Though they come from the backwoods of baseball civilization, the youngsters will develop an unusual number of star players.

The Long Sleep is over and there are but a few more unlimbering days until you will have a chance to join the Rooter's Row. We

are slated thus: Woodrun, Head and Greer, the staff of sharp shooters hurling the gyrating sphere across the pan, are sure to bring victory. But along with these will be the "Big Mitt Trio," Adams, Howell and Kendall. Neither will the initial sack lack in honors since, around it will be found Gingles, Gaines and Atherton, ready to stop the leather body. At the same time the keystone bag will receive excellent care at the hands of Morrison, the distant third will none the less be honored by Hoover, Gardner and Cole, and at short, the following stars will shine: Kirk, Rountree and Armbruster. Now for the outfield: no horse-hided body can be swatted to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home Run" while Wesley, Allison, Board, Bell, Taylor, Bullock, Wise, Ferguson, Vincent and Greer reign supreme in ball-dom. Furthermore, it will be impossible for sluggers to bat the ball at pleasure to any gloveless spot while Smith, Baucum, Gibson, Sledge, Dunn, Gardner, Simmons, Nichols and Woodrun are sentinels beyond the diamond. The W. K. S. N. S. will come into the light of baseball glory when the old chorus of Swat is sung and time is kept by the stick in the hands of Gardner, Harbourn, Johnson, Long, Trail, Venable, Woolsey and Palmore. Base runners' records will be made anew when Cundiff, Bryant, Kincaid, Crabbe, Gardner, Thompson and Kingins, the swift travelers of the rectangle have been awarded a safe-at-home score.

With this mighty host of slab artists, back stops, bagmen, veteran fielders and Professors Leiper, Mutchler, Craig and Claggett, with their managerial qualities, the boys in uniform are bound to cinch every game. Get in the game up to your ears and root for the boys.

### AS TOLD BY THE GUIDE.

Listen, good people, while I tell  
Of the woman in that padded cell;  
All day long she stands before  
The iron grating of her door,  
And round about does quickly pass  
As if she thinks it were a glass,  
And that she practices to select  
Gestures that give the best effect;  
But at night, when the clock strikes eight  
She sails forth in majestic state,  
And then in frenzied, frantic tones,  
That chill the marrow in one's bones,  
She rants about in strident breath,  
Demanding liberty or instant death.

And now, good folks, I'll have you know  
'Twas term finals that made her so.

And that young man you see in there  
All featured o'er with black despair;  
Whose gleaming eyes reveal his state  
A victim of relentless fate,  
Limpely holding a paper leaf  
Which, but adds to his awful grief;  
And deeply clad in darkest gloom,  
As one who waits impending doom,  
He sits and trembles—then wild-eyed,  
He tiptoes softly to one side,  
And shrilly gasps out the command:  
"Arise! come! one-two, one-two, stand!"  
Then for awhile, he rattles on  
In queerest style,—but let's begone;  
Visitors frighten him, as a rule  
For he used to teach in a Practice School.

Now, let's stop here at number eight,  
While I shortly to you relate  
In briefest way, that you may know  
Of its inmate's fearful woe—  
Can't you hear that awful din  
That comes raging from within?  
Made by a youth, once fair and bright  
Whose mind now sleeps in darkest night;  
With book in hand, he madly rages  
The imagined content of its pages;  
His voice travels along the scale,  
With many a doleful moan and wail,  
And the fierce discord does amplify  
By mighty gestures ranged on high.  
What made him thus?—'tis sadly true  
That it was caused by reading Two.

And now, good people, let me show  
You one more patient 'ere you go;  
Once a maiden, of beauty rare,  
With fairy face and golden hair;  
But care and sorrow dethroned her mind  
And left the wreck that now we find;  
Unlike the others, she employs  
To vent her moods, no curdling noise;  
But silently, by day and night  
Does little else but read and write.  
She reads as though 'twere constant strain,  
Then writes away with might and main;  
Now thinks awhile with puckered frown,  
Then jots her mental fruitage down.  
This sad sight that meets your gaze  
Is a victim of the note book craze.

Otto Roemer, Scientific '09, was recently married to Miss Jessie Booksh, of Grosse Tete, La. Mr. Roemer has been principal of the school at Rosedale since September, and Miss Booksh has been his assistant. Again THE ELEVATOR extends its very best wishes.



## A VERACIOUS MELODRAMA

ENTITLED

"ON TO ATHENS."

Scene—The L. & N. ticket office. Agent at the window—Miss Wade enters and prances up to the window.

Miss Wade—"I would like to know the price of a round trip ticket from here to Athens, Ohio?"

Agent—"I haven't time to look it up now; come back tomorrow."

Miss Wade—"If Colonel Guiliams goes too, could we get a reduction?"

Agent—"No, ma'am."

Miss Wade—"Very well." (*Flounces out indignantly.*)

Enter Mr. Milan—looking cautiously about.

Mr. Milan—*Leaning over and whispering*—"What will it cost me to go to Athens, Ohio, next month?"

Agent—"Come back tomorrow and I'll let you know."

Milan—"Alright, but don't you tell anybody I asked you." *Exit Milan.*

Enter Nichols.

Nichols—"Could you tell a fellow what it will cost to go to Athens, Ohio?"

Agent (*curtly*)—"I can to-morrow."

Nichols—Alright; I'll be back." (*Exit.*) Nichols.

(*Enter Odell.*)

Odell—"Which way is Athens, Ohio?"

Agent—Northeast. If you will return to-morrow I'll give you full particulars."

Odell—"I'll be here sure." (*Exit Odell.*) (*Enter Ford.*)

Agent—"Are you going to Athens, too?"

Ford—"Yes; how much is the fare?"

Agent (*wearily*)—"Come back tomorrow and I'll let you know." (*Exit Ford.*)

(*Enter Johns.*)

Johns—I come own here to ask you about going to Athens, Ohio. How much does it cost? Is the sceneries pretty? Say, Mister, have you ever heard me speak?"

Agent—"No, and I don't want to. Clear out." (*Exit Johns.*)

(*Enter Gaines.*)

Agent—Now, if you have come down here to find out about Athens, get out, and that quick."

Gaines—"Yes, sir. I'm going. (*Gaines runs out.*) . . . ."

(*Enter J. D. Spears.*)

Spears—"Say there, you Agent. Do you know who I am? Well, I'm John D. Spears, and I'm going to Athens to deliver an oration and I want to stop off at Yellowstone Park,

and I want to know what's the cost. (*Agent faints.*) Well, there, if I can put the judges at Athens, Ohio, to sleep as easily as I did him, I'm a sure winner." (*Exit Spears.*)

Enter Porter—*Sees the unconscious agent and locks the door. The following persons gather and demand admittance; Mr. Holloway, Miss Cole, Miss Alexander, Mr. Hornback, Mr. Rountree, Mr. Wells, Mr. Sweeney, Mr. Farris, Mr. Morris, Miss Acker.*

*Curtain.*

O

## A WORD CONCERNING THE LIBRARY.

Since last September 836 new volumes have been added to the library. Of this number fifty-one were received by gift and 785 by purchase.

The library is open from 7:30 A. M. to 4:30 P. M., and during these hours it is occupied by an earnest, diligent body of students. For last month 4,246 borrowers' cards were cancelled, while for the same month of the previous year the number was 2,611. The very best students are to be found in the library when not in the class-room. All the leading periodicals are subscribed for, as well as two daily papers. These are kept on file, and are exceedingly valuable for reference. We receive monthly indexes to the periodicals, which greatly facilitate their use.

The students have access to all the books in the library during library hours, and are permitted to keep over night any of the books, except dictionaries and encyclopedias. Any book for general reading may be kept two weeks, and then renewed for two weeks more, unless there is a demand for it. While the library is small, the books are carefully selected by the heads of the departments, and an earnest endeavor is made to supply immediate needs.

In addition to the books for reference and study, we place with each general order a few books for general reading and recreation. In addition to the papers subscribed for we are indebted to Miss Coffee for the daily *Indianapolis News*, and to Mr. Byrn for the *Nashville Tennessean*.

The library may be termed the pulse of the school, and it certainly indicates the vigorous mental and spiritual condition of the student body.

FLORENCE RAGLAND, Librarian.  
MARY JARBOE, Assistant.

(I)

Miss Virginia Bland has a position at Smith's Grove, Ky. We hope to see her soon in the Normal.

## The Elevator

"GOING UP?"

Published Monthly During the Scholastic Year by the  
Student Body of the W. K. S. N. S., at 1149  
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ALFRED CRABB ..... EDITOR  
PROF. W. J. CRAIG  
CHESTERFIELD TURNER }  
H. W. GINGLES }  
LUCILLE WADE }  
GERTRUDE GRIMSLEY }  
MILDRED SMITH }  
CARL ADAMS }  
HENRY WESLEY ..... ATHLETIC EDITOR

Devoted to the Best Interests of Education in Western Kentucky

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - 50c THE YEAR

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VOL. I. APRIL, 1910 No. 6

On the afternoon of the 14th of March, one of the first steps toward establishing a great, modern Department of Agriculture in our school, was taken, when, at the request of President Cherry all the boys of the school betook themselves to the site for the farm, which is at the rear of the old Potter College building, between the Nashville and Russellville pikes, there to clear a small field of cornstalks. This movement was wholly in keeping with the democratic spirit of the institution; each member of the institution, teacher and student, being his brother's helper and keeper. We were not aware of the fact that there were quite so many boys in school until they were all in the field, and it was indeed a good sight to see them working earnestly in their native habitat. Pulling six acres of cornstalks, shaking the dirt from their roots, and piling them to be hauled away, was an easy and quick task for so many hands. And the strawberries which are to be planted on this plot of ground will be tenderly cared for (?) by these same willing workers. Col. Guiliams seemed perfectly at home in the cornfield with his big, blue overalls on, and no one enjoyed the sport—for such it was—more than he. Each one was repaid many times for the work he did, by the feeling he enjoyed, resulting from an hour's exercise of the muscles out in the good, pure, country air, and by that other feeling that he had done some good in showing by his action that he was heartily in sympathy with the movement made toward establishing the much-needed Department of Agriculture in our school.

Did you ever feel a kind of peculiar tiredness clinging to you, about the time the warm sunshine of April days begins to strike you? When the green grass begins to shine on the lawn, and in the fields, and the birds sing around you, how do you feel? And now, don't you really have an intermittent desire to loll around in idleness, when your only strength seems to lie in your appetite; and your soporific soul demands a cut-off from the work-hours of the day? Well, maybe you'll say that you're the victim of Spring fever—yes, Spring Fever, a soft expression for pure old downright laziness. Through the crisp, brisk, breezy, invigorating weather of the winter months, all the lazy attributes (if you have any) of your body have been preserved in dilute form; but when the bullfrogs begin to croak in the early spring, these lazy attributes approach the concentrated form to the extent of about 95 per cent. pure. Well, do you yield to it? Do you follow the line of least resistance and mope around 'till your work begins to pile up on you, and you become enamored with the idea of "quit-ting"? No! No, if you are of the proper mettle; if you have backbone and stamina and enough will power, and latent energy, you have the ingredients of the only reliable prescription for a sure cure (or prevention) of Vernal laziness, Alias, Spring Fever.

Spring affects us in peculiar ways. On one hand it creates favorable conditions for the laziness germ to get in its work. On the other it makes us want to attempt some of the most prodigious feats of strength and endurance—Athletics is the thing.

THE ELEVATOR favors Athletics. It would take great pleasure in telling of battles fought and won on the ball ground. However, we do not lend our support to any form of Athletics that is not of a clean, wholesome nature, consistent with school work, and worthy of being carried on under the auspices of the Normal. If there is to be a team—and we hope there will be—we hold that the members thereof should be no less representative of the Spirit of the Institution than mighty in feats of physical prowess.

We heartily endorse the efforts of the faculty in working out a safe and sane policy relative to Athletics, realizing that there must be a proper middle ground between those institutions in which Athletics is allowed to run into professionalism, and those which forego Athletics altogether.

We are asked by Col. Guiliams to state that his call to the members of the Alumni



for personal letters is not meeting with a very hearty response—in fact only one has responded up to this time.

Those letters are due. Suppose you write them now.

Prof. Tom McBeath, Professor of Mathematics in the Woman's Industrial College at Columbus, Mississippi, will be toastmaster at the Alumni Banquet next summer. Prof. McBeath is an old-time graduate of the Normal, and one of the greatest of southern educators.

We regret that some of the best articles we have received for this issue have been crowded out for lack of space. They will appear in the May issue.

The cartoon which appeared in THE ELEVATOR for March was drawn by Mr. P. O. Smith, who has since entered Corcoran Art Institute at Washington. We have two very excellent cuts by Mr. Smith which we expect to use in the next issue.

Miss Mattie Reid, was called to her home in Jeffersonstown last week on account of the serious illness of both her father and mother. Monday the 21st a telegram came to the Normal announcing the death of her mother. A committee composed of Misses Mattie McLean, Nancy Shehan, Margaret Acker, and Professors Green and Alexander, was appointed to arrange for a floral contribution and to convey a message of sympathy from the school to Miss Reid. Miss Mattie has the sincere sympathy of every student in the Normal in this time of sorrow.

#### EXCHANGES.

"The Etonian" is a splendid little paper, gotten up by the Elizabethtown High School, but is in need of an exchange column.

We are more than pleased to have in exchange "The Northwestern," a paper published by the students of the Northwestern State Normal School. It has been written, (as they say) in imitation of the typical yellow journal. We commend their liberty department for its stories and poems. All show originality and talent. One of the most interesting stories in our exchanges this month is "Walton's Hard Luck Game," found in "The Northwestern."

"The Oracle," Jacksonville, Florida.—

Your exchanges are well gotten up, and the pages devoted to athletics are splendid. Quite an improvement in this respect over other papers. As in the "Northwestern," your poems and stories are especially good.

We note a wonderful improvement over previous editions in the last number of "The Student," Covington, Ky. The Covington High School is greatly honored by its existence.

"The Colgate Madisonensis" is a credit to any institution. One very commendable feature of the late number is the page devoted to the history and description of the institutions, which makes it interesting and full of information to all its readers.

#### SMILETS.

Mrs. Leiper—The landlord came today and I gave him the rent and showed him the baby.

Mr. Leiper—Next time show him the rent and give him the baby.

Mrs. A.—That fellow, Rockefeller, has a lot of money.

Mr. B.—Yes, but it's tainted.

Mr. A.—How's that?

Mr. B.—'Tain't yours; 'tain't mine, 'it's his.

"That old hen ate a box of tacks."

"Well, maybe she'll lay a carpet."—Ex.

She—I'd love to learn baseball. Do you know it?

He—Yes. What particular act do you desire me to show?

She—A home run.—Ex.

Student—One divided by zero gives one.

Prof. Marshall—"It may give any number. For instance, five."

Mr. Hoover—"What's the difference between one and five?"

Prof. Marshall—"Four."—Kit Kat Journal.

"Tommy, do you know why I have kept you in after school?"

"Yes'm; you want to find out what was in that note I slipped to Kitty Jones. It was to let her know that she musn't make eye at me any more, 'cause I don't love nobody but you, teacher."—Ex.

"Please do not ever strike my little boy

wrote a parent to a teacher. "We never do ourselves except in self defense."

"There wasn't as much fun in Grammar today as there's been a bein'," said a young man, coming down the steps the other day.

"Pa, I'm plumb infatuated with Forensics," wrote a fair young Co-ed to her father. "Well, daughter," replied the old man, "if your heart is set on him I haven't a word to say, but I always did hope you would marry an American."

"Oh, just look at that cloud beyond the sun," gasped one of the Normal girls in an ecstasy of delight.

She—"Talk about airships—they are not to be mentioned in connection with some of the flights I take."

He—"How's that?"

She—"I take THE ELEVATOR."

It is reported that one of the members of the Loyal Society spoke to a member of the Life Class on the street the other day. The matter remains in statu quo, pending the report of the detectives who are working on the case.

#### NORMAL LIGHTS.

Mr. C. Turner, who has rendered efficient service on the editorial staff of THE ELEVATOR, has recently taken charge of the High School at Etowah, Tennessee.

Mr. Turner will re-enter the Normal at the opening of the Summer term, in time to finish the Life Course by commencement.

Miss Maggie Tate, of Franklin, Ky., was recently married to Mr. Joe Felts, of Knoxville, Tenn.

Miss Tate was for several years a student in the Normal and her many student friends join THE ELEVATOR in extending congratulations.

Miss Maud Meguiar, who has just closed a very successful school at Middleton, Ky., will enter the Normal at the opening of the spring term.

#### Important to Teachers.

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We are told that Mr. Thomas Durbin and Miss Addie Hayman, former Normalites, have agreed to teach each other. We wish them great happiness.

Miss Alice Coulter is teaching at Collins, Miss. She will be remembered as a good student and we feel sure of her success as a teacher.

C. Emma Combest, a graduate of the old Southern Normal, has a position in a bank at Summit, Miss.

Miss Nell Cherry, a niece of Pres. Cherry, is having great success as a teacher in the graded school at Russellville.

We were very sorry to learn of the death of Mr. Clifton B. Cook, a former student of the institution, and wish to extend our sympathy to the friends and relatives of the young man. He was one of our best students.

J. H. McKinney is teaching at Whitesville, Ky. He will be with us in the summer term.

Miss Genevra Sanders is teaching in the public schools at Paducah.

Miss Elizabeth Roman, Classie 1907, recently graduated from the Indiana State Normal at Terre Haute.

Duke Hays has returned to Kentucky after spending a year in New Mexico, whither he had gone on account of ill health. We are glad to note that he reports a complete cure.

Miss Lizzie Kittinger is teaching the primary grades in the graded school at Mercer. She expects to enter the Normal in April.

Walter Matherly, of Washington County, is taking a course in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., preparatory to entering the ministry. He recently won a medal offered by that institution for excellence in debating. We wish him well in his chosen profession.

Orie Gruelle, who did such excellent work during the summer term of '09, is also in William Jewell. However, we expect him to enter the Normal again at the opening of the coming summer term.

Mr. J. E. Lane, Superintendent of Schools of Ballard County, was recently married to Miss Gertrude Nichols, of Hopkins County.

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## FRA ELBERTUS

"Graduates of good business colleges, absolutely without exception, have paying positions awaiting them—they do not have to advertise for a place, borrow, beg, steal or stand in the bread line."

—Elbert Hubbard.

Fra Elbertus is right. Over twenty unfilled "paying positions" for teachers of commercial branches, and for bookkeepers, stenographers, operators, cashiers, are on file (this March 22, 1910) in the office of the Bowling Green Business University.

And 16 "paying positions" have been filled in the last few days.

Both were well known in Normal circles, and THE ELEVATOR has pleasure in extending congratulations, even at this late day.

Gordie Young has charge of the eighth grade in the public school at Greenville. He expects to spend the summer term in the Normal.

Mrs. Ferguson, better known in the Normal as Miss Nora Young, is principal of the graded school at Metcalf, Arizona.

B. H. Mitchell, having completed a very successful session in Georgia, has returned to his home at Eli, Ky.

Miss Ethel Huffines, who was in school last year, will re-enter at the beginning of the spring term.

Misses Nina and May Henderson, having each completed a successful session, are at their home at St. Charles, Ark.

Miss Lettice Baker, of Breckenridge county, was recently married to Mr. J. C. Falls, of the same county. Miss Baker has spent several terms in the Normal and is quite well known here. Congratulations!

## 40 Vacancies In 20 Days

We have had 40 vacancies for Good Teachers in the last 20 days, this being in only one DEPARTMENT of our Agency. And the beginning is not yet! Get in Line!

CONTINENTAL TEACHERS' AGENCY, McCormack Bldg., Bowling Green, Ky.  
(INCORPORATED)

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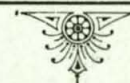
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